

The Eye Opener

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EYE OPENERS

R. C. EDWARDS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

As there is so much queer coquetting in the council over the choice between the Eau Claire outfit and municipal ownership, so much that is mysterious going on, we beg to draw the attention of the public to the fact that prominent citizens have, to our personal knowledge, been approached by a high muckymuck of the Eau Claire outfit with OFFERS OF MONEY for their support. We divulge this to the ratepayers to put them wise to some things that may otherwise appear mysterious.

Furthermore, the same official of the company has told around that the reason some of the aldermen were opposing the agreement suggested by the company was that they were waiting for a hand-out of money. This is a gross insult and should be resented.

The kind-hearted editor sat by the side of his dying proofreader. The sun shone through the window as per usual, and birds twittered on the trees according to advertisement.

"Brace up, old man. You're looking fine today. I'll have the nurse fetch you in a glass of port wine. How does that strike you?" "Make it a horn of whiskey. It goes further and I say as we are happy."

"Phaw, man, you'll get all right. I never saw you looking better." "You can't fool me this trip, old stick-in-the-mud. I'm sent for. No joke about it either."

"Well, drink that down and look pleasant. How long were you on this last spree?" "About a month."

"Had a good time, I reckon?" "Wouldn't have missed it for a good deal. It has put me down and out, though."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my boy. You're on the mend now. Why, you have quite a color in your cheeks!"

"Oh, that's only that last shot of booze. You can't fool me."

"Now cheer up, old cockie, and don't get the blues. You know your job is always open for you."

"You're the stuff. But I fear, old son, I've read my last proof. Before I go I have only one thing to ask you, my true old friend."

"What is it, my poor fellow?"

"You know I have read proofs on your paper these many years?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I want to ask you what you do with a quote within a quote. I have often wondered, and I cannot meet my Maker with this dread uncertainty on my mind?" "You make it a single quote."

"Bless my soul, is that possible?"

"It is a fact, but don't bother about quotes just now."

"Before I pass away I must ask your forgiveness for many of my sins. They are indeed many."

"Oh, to blazes with your sins! Have another drink."

"Not just now, not just now. When I feel my light going out I may take a final with you just for luck. My conscience is sorely troubling me, old man. How often have I allowed the comps to send a man to goal instead of to goal! Sleep passes from my tired eyes when I think back on the number of times the comps and I have spoken off the law as laid down in the statutes and of the bronze statue of Sir John A. Macdonald. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Confound it all, my dear fellow, don't give way. It unman me to see you weep. It is not for me to forgive sins of that appalling character. You must ask forgiveness from God."

"Pray for me, then, old man."

"Why certainly, but—why, man, I believe you're going to croak right now. What's that rattling in your throat?"

"Rattling the bones—with death last, shanty what about that final—we were—we were—"

"You're too late, old cockie."

Just think of it! After a few weeks' rest the voters have to go at it again, and The Eye Opener has to start preparing for the forthcoming slaughter of misit ambitions!

Believe us, gentle reader, whatever we say and whatever we do, is said and done with a single eye to Calgary's welfare. The citizens of this town are all too good natured and easy-going. They are prone to think that if their own private businesses are running smoothly, everything is hunky dory. Everything is far from being hunky dory when, through their own neglect, indifference and habit of electing popcorn vendors and peanut-roasters to run the town (to say nothing of the inevitable contractors skirmishing around for business advantages thus obtainable), they allow the civic pot to boil dry and crack.

It is gratifying to note the revival of popular interest in matters affecting the present and future welfare of Calgary. When the people at large become as little children and permit themselves to be jollied along in the dark by a handful of piggrabbers it is time to give them a glimpse up and make them alive to their individual interests.

There are three matters of supreme importance to be decided upon within the next few weeks—the mayoralty, the personnel of the next council and the lighting question. On the first point we feel very strongly and so expressed ourself last week.

Puerile personal predilections should cut no ice. Were we to allow ourselves to be influenced by purely personal leanings, first thing we know we would be recommending the ratepayers to make Jack Moseley mayor on the ground that he was a h—l of a good fellow. No, no, good masters, we have to look further afield. Remember it is Calgary first, last and all the time.

Hornby as mayor would be a huge joke. He is a good man in his class, but he is not in the mayor class. We have a daguerrotype of Hornby meeting a party of distinguished visitors and entertaining them during their stay.

"We have quite a peert little city, your lordship. Were you and your folks thinking of lo—eating here? Oh, von have to be back in time for the next session of the House of Lords, eh? I suppose there's quite a swath of nobis in that outfit. See that cellar there? I'm digging that. I'm going to put up a two-story brick veneer right on top of it. I'd like to take you around and show you the city hall and the police station and the waterless well we dug for the city, and give you a bite of something to eat, but I promised Underwood to go and show him a couple of lots he wants to buy. Underwood's a fren' of mine. He wants to build a hospital that's not so isolated as the last one he built. See that blue roan trotting by in the dray over there? I got into a peek of trouble over that there horse, derned if I did not."

And Emerson too! Good, harmless little greengrocer. It were cruel to copper his ambition, but we really think it better for him to stick to his nice line of canned peaches and Royal baking powder. Calgary is chucking a brace this time, and is not in a mood to satisfy the personal ambition of any secondary luminary in the prime business.

Had Mr. Emerson shown the faintest signs of ability as an alderman, the case might be different. But he has merely been one of the bludgeoned bottles ranged round the council table, one of Cushing's hypnotic subjects, a man of but

little account as counsellor. He has we suppose the usual line of personal friends that we all have, and a bunch of 'poor pay' individuals who owe him store, but on no one else can he have any claims worth considering.

There is, moreover, a grave suspicion in the city, and we are very much inclined to entertain it as a possibility to watch out for, that both Hornby and Emerson are putting into this contest with the object of ensuring Cushing's election as mayor by "pocketing" the best horse. This is the old race track trick.

As for the personnel of the next council, we can only hope for the best. It calls for prayerful consideration.

The ratepayers will soon have the opportunity of voting to establish a municipal owned lighting plant which will give the citizens good and cheap light in their homes and lighting up the city effectively and more cheaply than can be done by any private corporation.

At the risk of infuriating our out-of-town subscribers, who only want jokes in this paper we will dip into this question and stir its depths a while.

For a starter, \$50,000 will put in a plant for both domestic and street lighting. The cost of operating this (including every possible expenditure) will be \$11,250 a year. This will give us power to supply 85 arc lights for the streets and all the lighting necessary for the civic offices, firehalls and pumping stations. It will also power for three thousand 16 candle-power incandescent lamps. This likewise includes cost of power house, estimated at \$7,000.

The arc lights for the street will cost \$65 each, to produce. The Eau Claire figure is \$80. This will make a saving of \$1,275.00 a year over Prince's price, which will go towards interest and sinking fund.

An exclusive street lighting plant would cost \$20,000, but as domestic and commercial lighting is of even greater importance, it is better to work on the proposition of a plant for both.

Great Scott! This town would be crazy to place itself at the mercy of a five or ten-year contract with a private corporation. No matter how skillfully a contract is bound about by provisos, penalties and forfeitures, the ingenuity of a clever lawyer can break it in to a thousand pieces and throw them out of the window for the horses to sby at.

Only the other day, not barely two weeks ago this Eau Claire outfit raised the price of their alleged lights 25 per cent. And such light! Some people actually turn the light out to read.

In five years we thus save \$8,375. Mr. Prince told the council that as soon as he gets the contract he will have to throw \$5,000 worth of machinery on the scrap heap and that if he took the contract for five years he would have to throw another \$5,000 away. In fact, he calculates to make so much out of his contract that he can afford to throw away that much! Wow wow!

These figures are based on prices given by the Canadian General Electric Company that offered to give us a good electric light plant last year. Cushing, who has some mysterious and uncanny connection with the Eau Claire outfit, bucked it unceremoniously out of the way. The citizens have Mr. Cushing to thank that they have not cheaper and better electric light now.

Whenever a man scratches his back on a post he says to himself "God bless the Duke of Argyll!" In like manner, whenever you stumble over an obstruction on our dark streets you may likewise exclaim "God bless Cushing!"

It is one thing to win a bet on an election and another thing to get the money.

Imagine the electric light company demanding a ten-year contract with the city, and a clause requiring the municipality to buy its plant at FIRST cost after the first five or ten years! This is the limit of corporation rapacity. And the council has actually agreed to something of this kind. The opponents of municipal ownership declare that the city has no funds to go into the business. If that is the case, where do they expect the city to secure the funds to buy the electric light company's old plant at the end of five years? The city engineer declares that an electric generator depreciates in value twenty per cent. each year. In this case the city is deliberately being pledged to buy a useless plant from the private monopoly. What kind of a demented council is it that will vote to favor such a proposition?

Municipal ownership of the public utilities in Calgary is the only recourse of the people, who are now reduced to the extremity of paying any old price for any old thing the monopolists force upon them. The idea is sound. It is merely the localization of the principle that the Conservative party supported when it declared for government control of the G. T. P. Apply the same policy to the lighting problem in Calgary. The principle is the same. There is nothing so new in the proposition. It is the evolution of municipal administration.

Toronto owns its street railway system, though it leases it to a private corporation. Winnipeg does the same. In all the progressive cities of the Dominion the same policy is followed. Many have taken over telephone and lighting. Port Arthur and Ft. William are the model cities of Canada. They own and operate their own water works, telephone, street railway and electric lighting plants. That is why those two municipalities are forging to the front. Taxes are reduced, the cost of living is less, and trust-fund monopolies are not able to lay a hand on a single public necessity in the twin cities. Can't Calgary do what they have done?

The company having the monopoly of the electric lighting in Calgary would like to make it appear that there is some great mystery about the production of electrical energy. This is the device of every private concern selling public utilities. It has been successfully worked in other parts of Canada, but many cities have not been so easily gulled. For instance, Ft. William and Port Arthur are in the business of supplying light and power, and the cost to the consumer is infinitely less than what the private companies exacted. They have water power in Ft. William. They have the same cheap power in Calgary.

Every man in Calgary who realizes that he is paying an exorbitant price for the few electric lights with which his home is intermittently supplied is interested in domestic lighting. Every citizen who stumbles home through the dark streets of the city realizes that the present street lighting system is a rank failure. All negotiations with the Electric Light Company for an improvement have resulted in utter failure. The only remedy

is a municipally owned plant to furnish homes with cheap light and the streets with modern arc lamps. It can be done by the corporation as economically as by a private concern. Let every man who thinks the city capable of managing its own affairs prepare for the city campaign. Cast your vote for candidates pledged to municipal ownership.

The private monopoly that controls the electric light of Calgary is able to employ high-priced lawyers to show why the city is forced to continue to patronize it. Still, the management is unable to make a single concession to the city, and domestic lighting they will not discuss. The difference between municipal and private ownership is that in one case the light is supplied at cost, and in the other the private company charges all the traffic will bear.

What is this we hear about W. C. Armstrong going to run for alderman in the third ward? This, if true, is the most consummate piece of gall we ever heard tell of, even in this town. Which is saying a good deal. Armstrong, it will be remembered, was a prominent member of the syndicate which so nearly did up the citizens of Calgary on the notorious city lot deal. For this man even to allow his name to be breathed in connection with a seat in the city council is an insult to the community.

One of the blessings that is likely to attend J. J. Young's candidature, either for mayor or councillor, is the likelihood that it will induce the citizens to look at the matter of the city lot deal. The rumor that Senator Young will run, if this rumor proves true, for the love of Heaven see that he gets in. The genial Senator is one of the largest property holders in Calgary, and is "all business" from spur to plume. Mr. Young and Senator Loughheed should form the nucleus of a splendid business council.

Col. G. C. Porter, editor of The Herald, was endorsed by the board of trade last week for the position of secretary for Alberta of the Western Canadian Immigration Association. T. M. Knappen, the secretary of the organization, suggested the Calgary journalist for the position, in view of his contributions to the metropolitan dailies of the States on Western Canadian development. The Association is subsidized by the Dominion Government and railroad corporations for the purpose of securing publicity for the West in those sections of the United States from which this part of the country draws many of its new settlers. The organization is doing valiant work for the great West.

Constant Reader, Rancher's Club: You lose your bet. It is Hornby that is running for mayor, not the horse. You win, however, on the color proposition. It is the horse that is blue roan, not Hornby.—Ed.

Where is Doc Stewart? We have not seen him for the last week or two. He must be out with a stuffed club hunting up the 487 rascals who promised faithfully to vote for him.

Continued on Page 2.

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R. C. Edwards, Editor and Proprietor.

EYE OPENERS

(Continued from Page 1).

Having changed our lodgings in Calgary recently, we distinguished ourselves the other night by entering the wrong house, sober as a judge, walking upstairs and entering a lady's bedroom. Luckily the lady was not there. Descending the stairs we met the proprietress of the house and explained our mistake. Instead of being angry, she laughed like to kill herself. Which was lucky for your nurse.

We only mention this awkward little incident because it brings recollection an extraordinary and literally true adventure that we had in London some twenty years ago. On coming up from Glasgow we had taken a room in a rather awed and exclusive private boarding house in Cecil street, off the Strand, kept by a very religious Scotch old maid, Miss Machattie. Four ladies and two gentlemen had rooms there also, a pleasant proposition. It was a high-toned place to stop, as the ladies were musical and there were always lots of visitors in the drawing room on an evening. The only thing that didn't like about it was the evening "family worship," which Miss Machattie, Scotchlike, insisted on every night before retiring to rest. However, in those days, we were pretty well used to that particular feature.

Well, one night we were coming home from the Alhambra, feeling pretty how-do-you-do, and we must have been there after midnight. Those who know their London will remember the famous revelation.

"The service will hold, we understand, is built there now." At this precise spot we ran into a young woman who appeared to be in distress. She said she was busted and had no place to sleep.

Note that we were young and fresh from Glasgow.

Remembering that there was a lounge in our room, we thought it would be a charitable act to smuggle the lady into the house and give her a night's sleep on it. We suggested this to her and she thought it most brilliant idea. Those last drinks before the pain close in London are most disastrous.

Our room was at the top of the house. Deftly opening the front door with the good old latchkey, the two of us slipped inside. The house was at rest, and a dim light burned in the hall. In order that only one pair of footsteps should be heard ascending the stairs by listening ears, we persuaded the lady to jump on our back and be carried up. This feat was most successfully accomplished.

The lady immediately rolled on the lounge, hat and all, and went to sleep. We think she had been drinking gin. The idea appeared in our mind was to be carried out, and wake up about five or six o'clock and smuggle her out again. With this last thought we fell asleep on the bed without addressing.

Just fresh from Glasgow I was in the morning it was broad daylight. Consulting the watch we nearly took a fit on discovering that it was after nine. The lady was still snoring, and we beat the band on the lounge. The question at once arose how to get her out of the house. We never forgot that regarding the fact that bet getting on the lounge taking her rest, and the fact that she was oblivious of the fact that she had got us into a fix.

Opening the door gently we went to the head of the bed and untied it. It was the best I ever saw. I then secured quick enough. As we never. Giving the sheet a good shake we told her to jump on our back and be carried up. With her arms twisted around our neck and a pair of striped stockings sticking away not to be seen, we started down the stairs. Well for the first flight all went well. But just as we were about to reach the landing the door opened and a ladder the day before.

arrived at the landing where the drawing room and the dining room were, a door opened and the two gentlemen, followed by the two ladies and the two gentlemen, they stopped as if shot.

Behold your gentle gliding cunningly along with a strange lental perched on his back, the most suspicious thing in view being striped stockings. It makes us turn hot and cold every time we think of it.

Dropping the female unconsciously we gave her a vigorous shove towards the stairs and told her to scout. She scooted. As for ourselves, we made for the banisters and slid down them schoolboy fashion, actually reaching the front door before the lady. The two of us stumbled over each other in our haste to reach the crowded Strand, where your nurse stood her much-needed drink and told her to duck her nut.

That is the story. We sent for our trunk and got it. The two gentlemen, whom subsequently we often met, were requested to seek other quarters shortly afterwards because they had acquired a habit of simultaneously going into convulsions of laughter at the most serious reason, thus disconcerting the ladies. Funny world this.

With a healthy prospect of owning our own lighting plant, no one has even a pretence of trying to please the Eau Claire outfit and their semi-official red, W. H. Cushing.

There is altogether too much Cushing in this town. He is the alderman who does most of the talking in the council, showing a strong tendency to run things. He is president of the board of trade, he is a leading mogul in the Methodist Church, which requires a great deal of attention just now in the line of fringed finance; he is a director of the Inter-Western Exhibition Company, trustee of the Calgary School Board, officer in every temperance society in town, and managing director of the Cushing Bros. Co., Ltd., probably the largest business in Calgary. He was a candidate for the Liberal nomination, but was passed up. Now he wants to be mayor! This has a tendency to make us very tired.

Water Works is nothing to write home about. He is directly responsible for sinking \$100,000 of the people's money in a well which has water in it only semi-occasionally. It can be pumped dry in seven hours. During the last four years he has had financial control of the water works, and notwithstanding the fact that the price of water is higher here than in any other place in Canada, and the service inefficient, the water works has been a losing venture financially.

It was W. H. Cushing who opposed the agreement between the city and the other water companies. Light Co., which had offered to light the city as cheaply as the Eau Claire Co. could reduce the price of domestic lights by nearly half. Business men and householders have Cushing to thank for the fact they have not cheaper and better electric light now.

Mark well the reason Cushing then gave for his opposition in this case. He stated that it was inexpedient to grant a lighting franchise to any company, because we would soon be in a position to own our own plant.

Mr Cushing has always been an opponent of any proposition which conflicted in the slightest degree with the interests of the Eau Claire Co., alias the Calgary Water Power Co.

Again, W. H. Cushing stated in the council some two and a half years ago that he did not see why aldermen should be in the city, and a few months later, when the case of the Hornby horse came up, Mr. Cushing said that the only thing to consider was if the horse was worth the money paid for it, and that "the principle involved did not amount to a hill of beans."

This sort of civic morality is not good enough. As well establish a Tammany Hall in our midst and have Boss Cushing to run it.

Your brother last W. H. Cushing diverted \$100,000 of money voted for the purpose of laying new water mains where there was no service towards lowering the main on his own street, so that he could do a boulevard. This should have been part of the original loan. It is a pity that the aldermen, who are so benefited in one-half the expense of such improvement.

The unauthorized expenditure of this \$100,000 on his street, which already had its water main, prevented any being laid on other streets, which had none. The money, \$100,000, was obtained from the people through a by-law which specifically stated that it was to be devoted to the improvement of the pumping station and the laying of new mains.

The fact of Cushing taking out \$100,000 to lower the main on his own dear little street, in order to boulevard it, and make it look pretty, cut out—three or four blocks elsewhere from having any mains at all.

The big boxing tourney for the amateur championships was a supremely successful affair, and can now enjoy the distinction of being the ONE and ONLY completely satisfactory exhibition of boxing that has ever been held in Calgary. The opera house was packed, and a more delighted and enthusiastic crowd could not be imagined. The best element of the town, professional and business, were there in large force and gave tone to the proceedings. The counter attraction of a concert at the Methodist church did not appear to affect the gate receipts to any alarming extent. W. H. Healy, George Moss of High River; Sergeant-Major Page, R. H. Toller, Dr. Ings, Fire Commissioner, and others, were the Herald, acted in various official capacities.

There were ten bouts altogether, making a lengthy but highly interesting programme. The boxing was on a high level, and the contestants were out for blood every time. It will scarcely be believed by much of our readers as have been used to the interminable delays attending both genuine and fake professional contests, when we record the gratifying fact that this well-contrived tournament started promptly on time, and there was not a delay of over one minute between the different bouts. Indeed, in several instances the next pair of boxers stepped into the ring before the previous pair had their gloves off their hands. The whole thing worked like a watch.

The best go was the opening bout, which was a very close one. The fight being awarded to the more reliable young lad who has all the earmarks of a professional. If he is not one already he should make a life study and emulate the deeds of his famous namesake of by-gone days, the Belfast Spider. The young man's fight with the crumpled, the latest prize-winning wrinkle. He is a corker.

Of rather more weight than the one for the middle-weight championship. W. W. Stewart, who was champion midweight of the world for a couple of years, and G. I. Robinson, of Iowa, went at it hammer and tongs. Robinson flooring Stewart with a swing on the jaw. The Glekie man, after a brilliant and successful fight, and Sanchell street, rose to his feet and went after him with blood in his eye. Robinson, who had a half that made him drop in a heap like six feet of log chain. He quickly got up, only to receive a still poke on the point of his jaw, which put him down and out. It was a clean knockout. All this happened in about two minutes. Robinson is not the first man who has succumbed to a few jolts of Scotch. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word."

The boxers were all so satisfactory in their work that it would be invidious to make comparisons and we shall therefore merely name the winners, with a complimentary nod of the pen to White, who did more fighting than anyone else.

Special class—W. L. McLaughlin, J. F. Howard, Middleweight—W. E. Atkins, Middleweight—W. W. Stewart, Heavy weight—John Dawson.

The above, therefore, are the champion boxers of Calgary in the different classes.

Dr. R. B. O'Sullivan and F. S. Long, strenuous champion heavy weight of Dawson City gave a friendly sparring exhibition which elicited loud applause.

As well established a Tammany Hall in our midst and have Boss Cushing to run it.

(Continued on Page 3.)



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EYE OPENERS

(Continued from Page 2.)

The exhibition is under way again, and on Wednesday the company had its annual meeting. The people of Calgary seem to have decided to allow Peterson and his crowd to have full swing. Of all the shareholders only 15 were in attendance, eight of whom were country shareholders. The greater portion of the time was taken up with speeches from the shareholders, censuring the city for not bearing all the burdens of the company, though the people of Calgary last year gave the company \$5,000 hard cold dollars and the usual grant of \$500, besides private donations.

The outlook for racing does not seem very promising, and if the meeting, on Wednesday is a guide to the policy of the year, the last horse will give way to the bull with the big neck and the rooting hog. A motion was introduced recommending that the directors cut out all the races, and it came mighty near passing too. However, a compromise was effected, and the harness horses only will be placed under the ban, and not many people will weep over that. Jimmy Reilly and W. Parslow, the racing men, were cut off the board.

One of the shareholders, a country shareholder, censured the Calgary merchants for not closing their stores during the entire fair. That is nerve. The exhibition company comes along regularly for its little graft from the merchants, pointing out to them the great financial returns they will reap from the exhibition, and then the company would come along and have them shut up the stores when the people have come to town!

It was in the choice of the directors, though, that the company decided to move on the most original line. D. E. Brown, a country shareholder, was elected president; A. G. Wolley-Dod, a country member, was elected vice-president; C. W. Peterson, a country member, was appointed secretary. If the exhibition company desires additional financial assistance from the city, it would be well if there was some proof that there were city members upon the board, and that the people of this city had some say in the doing of it.

No one should throw rocks at the country members. They have done well by the exhibition, and some of them have worked very hard to support it. But the country idea is too paramount. That is the reason the company does not keep going. An exhibition of prize bulls is a very interesting feature some times, but it is not one that draws a very large attendance of paid persons to the exhibition grounds. As long as the Peterson idea prevails, as long as there is a Peterson board of directors, as long as there is a country board of directors, the prize bulls and the rooting hogs will be played to a finish and the real attractions cut out. The bull element predominates now, and we may expect to have next year, as we had this year, a bull exhibition. We have one bull show here in the spring. We do not particularly need another bull show in the summer. But the only reason given at the meeting for not postponing the holding of the show until about labor day was that it would be too late for the bulls.

Before the ballot was cast Mr. Peterson informed the board that he would have W. H. Cushing, P. Burns and J. S. Bennet elected on the board. Mr. Cushing had been in attendance at only one board meeting during the year, but Mr. Peterson informed the board that he could do things in the city council, though Mr. Peterson gave no indication as to the method Mr. Cushing would adopt with the city council. The other two gentlemen were favored for similar reasons, though they had attended but two meetings during the year. There were a couple of shareholders present, the editors of the Herald and Albertan, whose efforts have really been of great value to the company, who have kept the company alive, who succeeded in getting the citizens, somewhat against their will, to grant \$5,000 to the company, who have had experience in the management of other exhibitions, who are in a position to know what the people of Calgary want, and who are in a position to help the exhibition in a thousand and one ways, but Mr. Peterson made no effort to get them on the board. The shareholders present followed suit and gave them no votes.

As long as the Inter-Western Exhibition is engineered by C. W. Peterson and directed by a board composed mostly of country members, with a sprinkling of city members who are placed on the board because they can get things, or will give things, but who will not attend meetings, our exhibition will be a bull exhibition and a frost.

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leave this country every month for Clothing and Furnishings. There was a time in the West when it paid you to send to the big department stores in Toronto and Montreal, but that day has passed.

We Sell Clothing and
Furnishings
for Men and Boys
as Good and as
Cheap as any House
in Canada and
Save you Express Charges

We Make Clothing to
Measure from \$10 to \$30

We make Clothing on the premises. We have the best workmen we can secure. We Guarantee every Garment that leaves the store.

See our Ready-to-Wear
\$10 Suits.

McLeod Bros.

ALLAN BLOOM,
1st Street East,
Near of Post Office.



What a lot of Dollars! We have 'em 2 for 25c.



See our 2 bit Ties



It is a Pleasure to buy here



No. 114, Price \$15.00

The above cut shows an excellent Buggy Harness. It is made of good quality Leather and Trimmings.

Our Team Harness are all good values. They range in price from \$20.00 to \$75.00.

Our Double Carriage Harness range in price from \$25.00 to \$85.00.

Horse Blankets from \$1.50 to \$4.75 each.

A full stock of Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases, and Fancy Leather Goods.

Riley & McCormick,

Wholesale and Retail Saddlers,

CALGARY.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

CANADIAN HIRKBECK INVESTMENT SAVINGS CO., TORONTO.

J. C. BRAZIER, Agent.

High River District.

FALL AND WINTER SUITS

Entirely New Stock of Winter Clothing.

500 SUITS!

All English imported goods. Call and select a neat, comfortable suit for the winter.

ET INSPECT OUR FALL GOODS.

Wm. Diamond, Reliable Gents
Clothing and Outfitter.

The Lumsden Roller Mills Flour

is famed for its whiteness, and being thoroughly uniform and reliable, is a perfect flour

For Bread, Biscuits, and all kinds of Pastry.

The test of it is in the baking. When you use the Lumsden Flour you get the whitest, purest, and most nutritious flour ever manufactured.

Ask your Grocers for it, and take no other.

The McDonald Simpson Co.

P. O. Box 363

Sole Agents for Alberta.

RUSSIA'S NAVAL PROGRAM

St. Petersburg, Nov. 18.—America is likely to profit, both directly and indirectly, from the execution of the large naval program which Russia is now elaborating. The vital importance of the navy has been Russia's bitterest lesson of the war, and the government is fully determined that the maintenance of the empire's position in future, as a first class power, will be impossible without an adequate navy. If the losses the Pacific fleet has already sustained should be followed by disaster to Vice-Admiral Rozhanski's squadron, it will be necessary, not only to rebuild the whole navy, but to increase its strength. While some of the contracts will be placed abroad, owing to the limited facilities of the Russian yards (and it is expected that at least one big ship will be constructed in the United States) the admiralty's plans will be directed towards ultimate divorce from dependence upon foreign ship builders by the organization at home of vast shipbuilding, armor plate, ordnance, and kindred industries.

CAN HOLD OUT FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 18.—General Stoessel has telegraphed to Emperor Nicholas that Fort Arthur can hold out for several months.

Cold weather is approaching

SOON HAVE TO DRINK HOT SCOTCHES

Here is a few brands we handle:
John Dewar's (2 grades)
Andrew Usher's (2 grades)
Walker's "Kilmarnock"
Buchanan's "Black & White"
Greenleaves' King Edward VII.
(Extra Special)
Bullock Lade's Gold Label
Mackie's Lagavulin
Mackie's "White Horse Cellar"
Dawson's Extra Special
Haig and Haig's 3 Stars
"Old Smuggler" etc.

SKINNER & MIQUELON
"The Old Timers"



OUR
Metal Ceilings
and Walls

Are to be seen in all up-to-date Buildings.

Why not try them in your House, Store or Office?

Prices Within Reach of All
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUES

Ellis & Grogan,
AGENTS FOR ALBERTA.

CALGARY'S

Best Restaurant
IS
JORDAN'S
CENTRE STREET

**BEST COOKING
BEST WAITING
BEST PRICES**

And
WE CANNOT BE BESTED

Elsewhere

— COAL —

ANTHRACITE COAL

Lump - - \$8.00 per 2000 lbs
Stove - - \$8.00 "
Nut - - \$6.00 "

GALT COAL

Lump - - \$5.75 per 2000 lbs

Geo. L. Peet

Herald Bldg., North of Imperial Bank, Centre St.

PHONE 66

CALGARY.

Royal Hotel

DOYLE & MOODIE, Proprietors

Excellent Cuisine,
Spacious Offices and Parlors,
Comfortable Rooms,
Billiard Rooms,
Well conducted Bar.

Most central location in the city.
Terms, \$1.50 to \$2.00

Messrs. Doyle & Moodie are also lessees of the Windsor Hotel on street facing railway.

An Ad in the Eye Opener is

Just like Finding Money

HIGH RIVER TRADING COMPANY

**Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hardware.**

MOLINE CO.'S FAMOUS PLOWS

Deering Harvesters Co.'s Mowers, Rakes and Binders. Schuttler Wagons, Walkerville Wagons, Studebaker Wagons.

Democrats and Buggies from the Celebrated Henry's Factory, Montreal, Gage's of Waterville Iron Bedsteads and Mattresses.

Gurney's Stoves and Ranges. McOlary's Stoves and Ranges. General Assortment of Hardware. Barb Wire always in stock.

Wholesale

Wine and Liquor.

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The man you want to see if you want to Buy or Sell anything in

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CHOICE

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BOUGHT AND SOLD

Do you want a House or Lot on easy terms?
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